

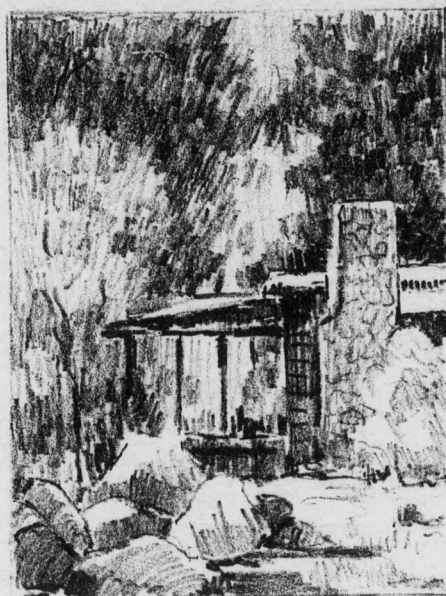
# HIGH LIGHTS



An Old Adobe Publication *III*  
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



**T.W. NEALE**  
**GENERAL INSURANCE**  
 66 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD.  
 CUSTER 5-6227



**WELCH'S**  
**HOME & GARDEN SUPPLY**  
 51 N. BALDWIN AVE.  
 CUSTER 5-4171



**SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK**



## HIGH LIGHTS

DECEMBER 1942

Volume 3 Number 11

### C O N T E N T S

THE SCULPTOR . . . . . Poem . . . . .	Rose White . . . . .	2
EDITORIALS . . . . .		2
TWO POEMS . . . . .	Edward Lloyd Voorhees . . . . .	5
BLEECKER STREET IN WAR TIME . . . . .	Chas. Carroll Adams . . . . .	6
HORACE . . . . .	the guild mouse . . . . .	8
GUILD MEETINGS . . . . .	Bill Burke . . . . .	9
DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL . . . . .		10
LUPINES . . . . . Poem . . . . .	Elizabeth Pingree . . . . .	11
TO A SYCAMORE . . . . . Poem . . . . .	Edith M. Pictor . . . . .	11
BOOK REVIEW . . . . .	Elmer B. Mason . . . . .	12

### ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing, a lithograph, is the work of Alfred J. Dewey, while the drawings for the commercials are the work of Bernard Wynne. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company at Pasadena, California.

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Alfred J. Dewey	Bill Burke	Leslie B. Wynne
Bernard Wynne		Dottie Burke

HIGH LIGHTS from the foothills; issued monthly by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

## THE SCULPTOR

Rose white

For many years I knew the man,  
and loved him for his graciousness:  
I never guessed he was a sculptor  
till the day Death took me by the hand  
and led me to an inner room.  
We gazed together on the face  
that man had molded  
from his piece of clay;  
even my dull eyes were conscious  
of the dignity and beauty there;  
Death pointed out the lines  
that told of courage, tolerance,  
self-mastery, and love;  
then whispered,  
"A full-life's patient task  
to mold a face of beauty  
such as this."

---

## MADNESS, INC.

At last the Allied Nations have opened their long heralded "second front," not in Europe but in Africa, and the remnants of the Axis forces there are about to be wiped out in a Dunkirk of their own. Mr. Stalin's city, though battered, still stands upon the Volga, and the Caucasus have not been crossed. Now the order has gone out from Berchtesgaden or from the Munich beer-hall that all the Jews within the power of Nazidom are to be exterminated. Do these matters tie up? For us, they don't; but they tie up very well for Adolph Schickelgruber, alias Adolph Hitler, the insane butcher of Europe.

There is a saying of the ancient Greeks, once quoted by Sophocles and since paraphrased by many, to the effect that "Whom Zeus would destroy, he first drives mad." Madness works with ruin in a circle. Threatened or impending ruin urges the madman to greater madness, and he drives the more straight into ruin. The insane, while their thoughts run a devious course, are not necessarily, however, devoid of all understanding. They may still recognize "the handwriting on the wall" when they see it.

Can there longer be any doubt, as he looks back at Russia and gazes across at the Libyan sands, that Mr. Schickelgruber now sees and knows his ultimate doom, and that he is consumed with a fearful and a futile wrath? He cannot take his vengeance as he would upon the Russians or upon us; yet, he must take it upon someone. Why does he turn all his pent-up fury upon the helpless Jews of his own Reich? Why does a man in an epileptic fit fall down and bite his own tongue? Isn't it perfectly clear now that, made berserk by his unbeatable frustration, this Schickelgruber is a savage, bestial bully who, having been knocked down by a man, rears up, weaving on one leg, to give vent to his ungovernable rage by kicking a child or a dumb brute that is so unfortunate as to walk in his way? He cannot destroy us, but he can destroy the Jews because they are in his hands and cannot fight back; and, with their destruction, he can and will destroy the German people as well. His "new order," based upon mass murder, that he has boasted he has forged to bolster the German people for a thousand years may indeed stay them that long, not, however, to any advantage or glory but to their lasting degradation and their eternal infamy. Germany, because she has suffered this man to do this, because she has acquiesced, shunned by the world, haunted in her own house, cannot again know peace in a thousand years.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ISOLATION

In those sequestered regions beyond the last frontiers, those dim secluded regions into which the progressive influence of civilized man seldom penetrates and the softening influence of civilized woman not at all, primitive customs continue to survive and the hoary manners of ancient men still live, unchanged and unchallenged these thousand years.

Modern thought and modern ways keep but a thin precarious hold about the schools and the great cities. Retreat but a little in space from here and the retreat is rapid in time. The Victorian Era may be found lingering in the very next block or just across the road; while beyond the hills, beyond the reach of modern conveniences, tarries the Eighteenth Century. The more remote the scene from the cultural centers, the earlier is the living age. Retreat into the hinterland, into the far back country, and the centuries fall sharply away. Among the mountains of the back woods of Tennessee the language of



Shakespeare's day is still daily spoken, while the speech of Chaucer is still to be heard, a vital tongue, in the swamplands of Okefenokee. In the isolated hearts of the great land masses far removed from the sea, that highway of trade, the Middle Ages continue on in places and the Dark Ages still exist. In Turkestan, in Sinkiang, shut away behind the all but impassable Himalayas and the rugged Pamirs, cut off from the outside world by the frozen Siberian tundras and the burning Gobi sands, the medieval walled city is still the center of the social order in a land that is thronged with roving bands of lawless men on perilous adventure, armed with ancient scimitar and pike, as in the days of Genghis Khan or of Timur the Lame. Finally, at the head waters of the Amazon, in the Mackenzie Delta, in the depths of the Congo or in the Australian or Papuan bush, the hardy traveler in this Twentieth Century may walk into the Late Stone Age.

Seclusion in space is one kind of isolation: there is, as well, the isolation of mind, and this state, also, varies in degrees that span the epochs of all the human past. It differs from seclusion in space, however, in that its votaries are such by choice, not circumstance, who seek curiously enough to pull the universe into their lonely fold.

The mental isolationist begins next door as the conservative and as the man of reserves. Farther off and in the hinterlands of concept, is located successively the opinionated, the irrational and the hide-bound illiberal who mouth the dead tongues of outmoded thought and speak with the outworn accents of the ancients. Beyond these, yet a great distance, in the all but inaccessible corners of formulated reason, dwell the narrow prohibitionist and the fanatical intolerant who raise their walled towns of hatred against your freedom of action and against mine, who send out their lawless crusaders armed with old-fashioned tar-bucket and whip against your private affairs and against mine, and have learned nothing since the days of the Caesars. And then, at length, in their Cimmerian darkness, at the poles and at the antipodes of all accumulated wisdom, lurk the benighted tribes of the truly savage fascist, the nazi and the "Yellow Arjan," so dangerous to the peace of the world since they will certainly never rest until they have dragged the earth out of its great orbit into their narrow one, if they possibly can. Set your sail across the seas; blaze your trail through the jungles and the wastes -- though they stand bodily in your midst, you will not reach these last in a journey of ten thousand miles nor approach them through ten thousand years.

Is it good for a nation to live in isolation or for a man to live alone, either in body or mind? Shut your troubles away behind a Chinese Wall or a Maginot Line, and there seek your peace and find your stagnation. And, for the closer preservation of yesterday, ought we to reject today? If the Golden Age lies in "the good old days" of the past, it should be worthy of this preservation, if possible; but if the Millennium lies rather in the future, the quicker we discard the past the better. Can a nation lead the world closed off from the world or a man raise himself altogether unaided? We lend to our friends and borrow from our neighbors and by them we are lifted up. Your hermit is typically a queer, useless fellow, and your hermit kingdom but a curious anachronism that fills no seat at the council of the nations and has no place among the affairs of men.

## TWO SONGS

Edward Lloyd Voorhees

Beethoven *Passionelle* (For Sandor Harmati, Violinist)

The winds of autumn rush upward  
twisting the limbs of the forest;  
twisting and writhing, they moan  
the dirge of a dying year.

The winds of autumn rush upward,  
bearing the breath of man,  
the ghosts of his failures, loves and lusts,  
the dirges that once were joys.

The winds of autumn rush upward  
on a twisting sheath of flame,  
crackling with sardonic laughter,  
tossing their sparks through God's doorway.

Vale

You have freed my spirit from prison walls  
And given it back, with wings.  
You have gladdened my dreams with your presence there,  
You have filled my heart till it sings.  
You have lighted a candle in the dark,  
Where my mind was a haunted room --  
But now you go, and how shall I know  
The sunlight from the gloom?

## BLEECKER STREET IN WAR TIME

Chas. Carroll Adams

East of Seventh Avenue and south of Barrow Street in Greenwich Village is a swarming Italian district with Bleecker Street as its center. Here the buildings are all old, well over a hundred years. They are of brick, from two to four stories high with tenements above and small shops below. Big business has crept nearer year by year but as yet has made a detour around this part and left it undisturbed. In spite of crowded conditions this is not a slum district but is filled with an industrious, self-respecting people.

On both sides of Bleecker Street are small shops for several blocks, any one of which might have been transported bodily from Venice or Genoa. Small groceries filled with queer eatables, cheeses in endless variety from little ones the size of oranges or pears, tied round with cord and hung in festoons in the windows, up to fifty pound black Parmesian ones from Argentina. Sausages galore, tied up and draped about in the same manner; olives, dried and green, salted and pickled; spaghetti and macaroni, more kinds than you ever dreamed of; olive and other cooking oils in stacks of gallon cans and jugs; queer spices and herbs hung in bundles; dried, smoked and pickled fish; chestnuts from Portugal in strange baskets; -- all this open to the air in utter disregard of the dust of Manhattan. Fortunately, there are practically no flies here. Then there are the bakeries with hard baked and crusty loaves in a dozen tempting shapes and sizes, all of white flour, for your Italian uses only white wheat. Most fascinating are the fish markets with fish of kinds of which I have yet to learn the names, in size from tiny sprats three inches long to hugh halibut, not to mention the live eels squirming about in tanks. The shell fish include a number of kinds that I used to see on whatnots and mantles as curiosities.

One side of the street is lined for several blocks with curb stands and booths for vegetables and fruit. If you sometimes wonder what becomes of all the California fruit, this is the answer. It is like a trip to the Coast, to read the labels on the boxes coming from every town from San Diego to Santa Clara. Bananas now are scarce and high; the arrival of a shipload makes an important item for the Times or the Herald-Tribune.

Every pleasant day the streets are alive with people, all cheerful, hearty, active and busy; and, if I



am any judge, in spite of language and customs, one hundred per cent loyal Americans. They enthusiastically back up every drive and regulation, and I am glad that Government has declared them no longer enemy aliens.

It is something to remember to see the mothers out doing the marketing proudly wheeling their fine baby carriages, each one apparently trying to outdo the others in the display of beautiful babies in lovely clothes and wraps. They usually chatter in animated Italian; but I heard one say the other day to a group around her, in good Manhattanese, "Yes, I've got four now, and I'm going to have seven."

On the corner of Bleecker and Carmine Streets is the big church and parochial school of Our Lady of Pompeii, and around these the life of the district seems to revolve. On the side streets are all sorts of small work and repair shops, cabinet makers, metal workers, shoe makers and hand workers of many trades. In the quieter streets after school hours, boys and girls play ball and hopscotch of a dozen different varieties. Strange to say, these kids who never see a blade of grass or a green tree except on an occasional visit to a park, are not pale and wan but look as well and happy as they do anywhere. These people have undoubtedly been accustomed to this life for ages in crowded old world cities and consider it quite the normal thing. They enjoy it and seem to flourish in it.

In this downtown section we have none of the gangster and lawless element that prevails in parts of Harlem and The Bronx, for the spirit of The Village seems to cover the foreigner as well as the native. Picturesque characters abound, and now horse drawn vehicles are again becoming numerous on the streets. The horses are young and good looking, but the wagons have evidently seen much better days though they have been pulled out and put back into use again. Incidentally, the surviving harness and blacksmith shops are crowded with work.

The very old and the very new, big business and old time individual trades, artists, writers, scientists and workmen, native and exotic, are strangely blended here.

At some future time I hope to tell you something about some of the old churches of The Village, especially of the famous "St. Luke's Church in the Fields."

HORACE

the guild mouse

(The editors of High Lights regret that there is no direct contribution from Horace this month. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that self-imposed duties in regard to the war have taken up too much of Horace's time. In this connection we think it appropriate to quote in entirety a transcription of Horace's last speech over the National Mouse Network, Station MUS.)

My friends: - In these days that have turned a world upsidedown, it is well that all of us count our blessings. Primarily ours is a happy lot since we have no Mouselene to swing an angry paunch over us, no Ratler sneering at us from behind a blood-stained moustachette. Our wives may live in peace in our mouseholes without.... We pause for station announcement.... This is the National Mouse Network, Station MUS, Old Adobe Studio, Sierra Madre, California.... Patronize Jim Irving's Grill, - the largest and finest in the foothills. Children need not be accompanied by their parents.... fear other snoopers than their own dear husbands, God bless them. And here, be a dear young child ailing, we have only to run over to the Royal Cut Rate Drug Store for a prescription, or be it a female infant, the best of cosmetics. Do such conditions prevail outside of, outside of, outside of.... Hey, bill, fix that needle.... outside of our own dear land? Without fear of contradiction I say they do not, do not, do not.. .. Bill, take that cooky off the disk.... Here we are free to go out at least one evening a week can we but put over a good excuse to the missus, here we.... We pause for the station announcement.... This is National Mouse Network, Station MUS, Old Adobe Studio, Sierra Madre, California. Happy's, 12 Sierra Madre Blvd., for fine liquors, nothing the matter with the beer either.... may live our lives as best suits us be it we can get away with it. Nothing is neglected. Do a tree droop we have only to call J.A. Gadd to spray it, Doth a watch stop, take it to Byron Hopper, and what a girl he shows in his ad! That our money be safe, we have only to deposit it in the Sierra Madre Savings Bank, If we have no money go there and get some, too, maybe. Ours is indeed.... We pause for station announcement. This is the National Mouse Network, Station MUS, Old Adobe Studio, Sierra Madre, California.... Ours is indeed.... Time, 17 seconds to 12 o'clock, T. W. Neale General Insurance Time. Stay tuned to this station for part two of the serial, The Many Merry Marriages of Molly Mouse.

(Transcription by the Honorable Horace Mouse)



## GUILD MEETINGS

Bill Burke

It is good that the world contains optimists, such as Lee Shippey. Through them, people's spirits are lifted out of despair. It is unfortunate, however, that in a world at war, one cannot always agree with them.

At the last meeting of the Guild, Lee was chief speaker. It had been planned that he would introduce as speaker, Mr. Roland Kiebertz, an aviator now serving with the Army Ferry Command, piloting bombers and cargo ships to advanced American posts across the seven seas. On the night of the meeting, however, Mr. Kiebertz was away on an assignment and could not appear. But Lee told the audience about him, about some of the things that this pilot has seen and done.

One of the most interesting disclosures was the fact that only two weeks before the present American operations began in Africa, this pilot was one of fifty who flew bombers across the South Atlantic on a sort of "Destination Unknown" mission. They had flying orders as far as Khartoum, Egypt, but from there had no idea whether they would arrive in India, China, Australia, or elsewhere. The planes went to Cairo, however, and in all probability took part in the British Eighth Army's all out offensive against the Germans and Italians. The pilot has made some astounding trips, Lee said, going to Australia, Alaska and elsewhere. According to Mr. Kiebertz, planes are being delivered to the fighting forces in great quantities, and Alaska is full of them..

Some of Lee's comments, part of the undisclosed information that he acquires as a columnist but cannot publish, revealed the basis for his abundant optimism. The Guild audience was happier for having heard him express himself, and did not in any particular question his belief that we would win the war, and win it quickly. If he is right, a year will see the guns cease firing, no more blood being spilled, and our armies will indeed be wearing seven league boots.

Miss Catherine Whistler, in a selection of songs sung to her own accompaniment, presented the musical program of the evening. Miss Whistler, a young professional musician and singer of Sierra Madre, at one time studied voice under Mr. Lindquist of Pasadena. She has sung and played at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and is regularly employed as a musician in radio work.

## DECEMBER MEETING

The next meeting of the Guild, to be held on the evening of Friday, December 4, is to be a "Christmas Party."

Everyone attending is invited to bring a wrapped Christmas gift, not to exceed in cost ten cents. Did you say "ten cents?" Yes, I said ten cents. Each gift will be numbered and will later be given to the very lucky (?) holder of that number. A prize will be awarded to the one who, in the opinion of the judges, brings in the funniest gift.

In addition, games of various kinds will be provided for those who care for them, and it may well be too that some kind of musical program will be arranged.

---

## DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

Mr. Clement May with a cast of seventeen, all local talent, will give two presentations of the Dickens' "Christmas Carol" at the Sierra Madre Woman's Club the week before Christmas. The dates are December 18 and 19, 8:15 p.m., and the admission price will be fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children.

Mr. May uses his own version of the story, one that, since 1923, he has presented numerous times in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, both on stage and by radio broadcast. In addition to the cast, a trained group of child singers takes part in the presentation.

Mr. May is opening a school of speech training, voice production and drama in Sierra Madre, classes to be held at the Sierra Madre Woman's Club House. A special class for young people has already been started, now held at the club rooms every Saturday morning at 9:30.

Anyone interested in joining this school, please contact Mr. May at the club rooms any Saturday morning before 9:30, or phone Custer 5-4500.



## LUPINES

Elizabeth Pingree

On rolling hills the lupines grow;  
Blue acres of rare beauty flow  
In wind-blown rhythms. Butterflies  
Unfold their velvet fans, while skies  
Reflect the azure fields below.

The meadowlark's clear song-notes go  
With bee's dull droning, faintly low;  
Deep peace across the lupines lies  
On rolling hills.

Our world may seem distraught, and though  
War, greed, despair -- swift blow on blow  
Assail our times, yet who denies  
That hope in stout hearts never dies  
While beauty lives, and lupines grow  
On rolling hills.

## TO A SYCAMORE

Edith M. Pictor

How like myself, this tree  
stripped of sere leaves,  
by foreboding winds of winter,  
leaf by leaf, fluttering down, gently protesting;  
or flung fast, torn and strewn afar,  
heaped about that which they once adorned.

My leaves -- the little graces of myself,  
my vanities, my prides, stripped  
in the failure of achieving,  
one by one are left behind;  
but, like unto this tree, with spring,  
hope's rebirth, will leaf anew.

A FAUN ASTRAY. By Mildred Ababalone. New York: Lyric Bros. & Son, 1942. 328 pp. \$2.50.

Born in Arizona but raised in the Middle West, Mildred Ababalone's first literary venture was a Sunday School essay, entitled: "Christians in the Snow." For this she received a Kappa Beta Phi pin which she still wears. It is a far cry -- the humorist might indeed call it a loud yell -- from this truly complicated theme to her latest book, "A Faun Astray."

There is a certain deceptive simplicity about this first full length novel -- 328 pages -- which makes it difficult for the reviewer properly to evaluate its literary tensility. The mise en scene is first in the air, then on earth -- but an ephemeral earth, indeed -- and finally, deep in the sea.

The reader will be less interested in the physical adventures of the Faun than in his purely mental victories and defeats. He will shiver at the attainment of an Ultima Thule that only too obviously will be quickly transmuted into worthless aufgentgeldt. Naturally, one is reminded of the simple naturalness of Bambi, but, at the same time, one can not be but acutely conscious of a sophistication that breathes of Nana.

It is necessary that one should treat of such a book with naked simplicity. Suffice to say that the ingenious variation of the poco meno mosso is quite irresistible, and this reviewer, at least, has never read another novel where the whirling carousal suggestion is so delicately handled in a final allegro con brio.

"A Faun Astray" is a deft picturization of Miss Ababalone's mental past. We can not even prophecy what her future will be. We do urge you, however, not to fail to read this book if you can possibly get your hands on it.

E. B. M.

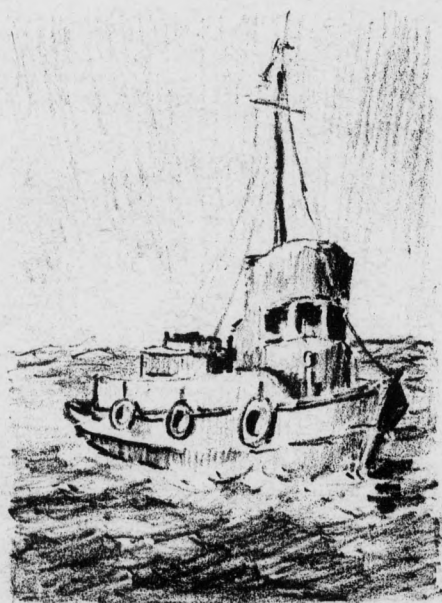




**BYRON HOPPER**  
JEWELRY • WATCHES  
OPPOSITE P. E. STATION



**ROESS MARKET**  
A COMPLETE FOOD STORE  
CUSTER 5-3338



**HAPPY'S**  
FINE LIQUORS  
12 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD.



**J. A. GADD**  
BUS. CUSTER 5-3313  
RES. CUSTER 5-6238  
TREE SPRAYING & SURGERY

Sierra Madre Public Library,  
Sierra Madre, California.



ROYAL DRUG STORE  
PRESCRIPTIONS • COSMETICS  
17 KERSTING COURT



GEORGE MORGRIDGE  
PRINTING  
SYCAMORE 2-7296  
473 E. GREEN ST. PASADENA



*JIM IRVING'S GRILL*  
THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN THE FOOTHILLS